The
COMMONWEAL

VOLUME XLVIII July 9, 1948 NUMBER 13

THE WEEK 295
STREET SCENE *LeGarde S. Doughty* 298
SCANDAL OF CHRISTIANS BEING SEPARATED *H. A. Reinhold* 301
VACATION PROJECT *Edward S. Skillin* 304
CATHOLIC INTERNATIONAL NEWS 305
COMMUNICATIONS 306
Civil Liberties and Mundt-Nixon
THE STAGE *Kappo Phelan* 308
BOOKS 308
The Case for DeGaulle—Poets at Work—The Making of an Insurgent—Civil-Military Relationships in American Life—The Good Pagan's Failure—Divorce Won't Help—The Berkshires—Westward Ha!—Fielding's New Travel Guide to Europe—Our Living Forests—The Disruption of American Democracy—Pilgrim's Inn.

THE COMMONWEAL *is indexed in the Reader's Guide, Catholic Periodical Index and Catholic Bookman. Founded by the Calvert Associates, Inc., in 1924 with Michael Williams as President and Editor.*
Published weekly and copyrighted 1948 in the U.S.A. by The Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. MUrray Hill 3-9685. Entered as second-class matter February 9, 1934, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. U. S. and Canada $6 a year. Foreign $7. Single copies 15c

EDWARD S. SKILLIN, *Editor*
PHILIP BURNHAM, *Executive Editor*
C. G. PAULDING, *Managing Editor*
Associate Editors
John C. Cort, Anne Fremantle, Gregory Smith
Kappo Phelan, *Theater* Philip T. Hartung, *Cinema*
Corresponding Editor
Harry Lorin Binsse
Advertising Manager
John Brubaker

The Dewey-Warren Ticket

GOVERNOR DEWEY has not been up to now a man to commit himself on political issues, and therefore the feeling that the more liberal contingents in the Republican Party had lost out when Dewey was nominated comes somewhat from attendant circumstances. The Pennsylvania delegation appears to have had a key rôle in the final welling of an already considerable tide. And the members who made the choice of Dewey inevitable were the hyper-conservative, high-tariff faction there. The choice of Representative Scott of the Keystone State as the new party chairman—a man who had voted to weaken the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act and to extend it for only one year—was, as charged, pretty indicative. Moreover, while the successful New York Governor cannot be held directly responsible for the faults of the recently adjourned Republican Congress (particularly for its failure to provide adequate social legislation), there is little in his past record and staunchest champions to provide reassurance for progressives.

On the other hand, Mr. Dewey has manifested certain political virtues. He seems energetic and ambitious enough to carry responsibilities and the wear and tear of executive office. His advisers are frequently able men. He has proved to be an efficient organizer and administrator. And in the course of the years since he determinedly set out for the White House he has shown marked ability to learn. Whatever may be the curious wisdom of the forces that supported him who believe that a new Smoot-Hawley dispensation will bolster American prosperity, Mr. Dewey himself has no illusions that the United States is not dependent on what happens everywhere in the world. Once again, in the vigorous campaign which he promises, Mr. Dewey has an opportunity to make of his smoothly flowing speeches an educative force.

Governor Warren of California should lend much strength to the impending Dewey campaign. A curious note at the Convention was the discussion how Mr. Dewey, if successful, could constitutionally assign his running mate a more important rôle in the functioning of our federal government than vice presidents have hitherto taken. Naturally he would have Mr. Warren's counsel. There was talk of the vice president's presence at cabinet meetings and of the idea of relinquishing his post as presiding officer of the Senate in order to be able to devote himself exclusively to executive concerns. Be that as it may, Mr. Warren's personal popularity out on the Coast, his generally remarkable record in office and his intention to wage a most active campaign should all be of tremendous assistance to the Republicans. Even against the stiffest opposition, Mr. Dewey and Mr. Warren would constitute a formidable team.

With the Republican Party at least, it is the more conservative elements which dominate both in the East and the Far West. In the Middle West there is a larger proportion of the members of the party for whom Mr. Stassen had a decided appeal. Whatever chances the Democrats do have, hinge largely on what they can do in mid-America. Organized labor, also, has not yet spoken its piece. Its fourteen million members, with their families, will have much to say about the November outcome. It is curious, then, that the Republicans appear to be pointing in a most conservative direction at the very moment when organized labor is pressing for and continuing to win sizable gains—from the coal miners to various locals of the Auto Workers. Few manufacturers have been able to hold the line. Indeed, there are signs that Mr. Dewey and Mr. Warren may have a real assignment.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beauty Cannot Take Care of Herself

THE Bishop of Wheeling, W. Va., forbade his flock to enter as contestants in a local beauty contest. Two competitors obeyed; one flouted his command, and the managers of the competition wrote a letter to the Vatican. The story has profound implications: social, political, and esthetic, as well as moral. Ecclesiastical authority has always, theoretically at least, tempered its relations to pagan customs with prudence. The early Christians might not be gladiators, but certain other participation in the games was not forbidden. Saint Venus became an oath, and the bacchanalia, All Fool's Day, whilst Pan shriveled into Puck. Rouge, even the early Fathers allowed, might be applied to hold an erring spouse, and Fouquet's portrait of Agnes Sorel was hung in church for the veneration of the faithful. On the other hand, certain professions have always been suspect: not only because they constitute a danger to the morals of those engaged upon, or those witnessing them: acting was forbidden, and jongleurs and galiardeys were buried in unconsecrated soil, as much because a good actor, or actress, by their impersonation, may take leave too long of their own individuality, and be unable to regain it, or return as to preserve the purity of viewers and viewed. The test of drunkenness is whether we lose ourselves, and the essential relationship of man to himself is one that cannot be fractured without sin. Racine, the greatest of French dramatists, spent long years struggling as much with his conscience as with the authorities for having written Phèdre and the Legion of Decency, for all their nuisance value, not only do good work, but are in a great tradition—a tradition dating back, beyond Christian times, to Greek, and even Oriental beginnings.

The question is not whether the bishop could, or should, prevent the faithful from making exhibitions of themselves; theologically he could, and obviously he should. The sad question is, why is it necessary that he should enter the lists at all? By the time a Catholic girl reaches high school, morally, socially, politically and esthetically, she should not have to be told; she should know. Morally, because a beauty contest makes no pretence of an appeal to skill, intelligence, wit, wisdom, acting, or any other ability: the winner may get a good job advertising apples, brassières, cars, doughnuts, or anything else through the alphabet, but she will have won on an esthetic accident. Socially, because a society founded on face-cream cannot be Christian; politically, because the fact that under the bingo banners the drum majorettes lead on to the novena may be one reason that so few Americans regret that the DP Bill is not only anti-semitic, but also is anti-Catholic. It is possible to enter—and indeed to win—beauty contests and retain one's virtue—but the virtue retained, though certainly a cardinal one, will not be prudence. If the salt lose its savor, it will be thrown away, and if all Catholic education can do is to make its alumnae beauty contestants, then the fight to save it from the octopus embrace of the State would be wasted energy: there is little to choose between a convent-bred pagan and a pagan. That the majority should have heeded the bishop's call is not enough—there should have been no need for such pastoral publicity. The end of all beauty, as the end of every good, is to glorify its designer, and in beauty contest, fashion parade or bathing-dress display it is perhaps rather the deceiver than the designer of mankind who is honored.

Yet to take a bishop to conjure a belle is surely blasting a butterfly with a bomb. Such things are matters of tact and taste and of that old-fashioned concept, polite usage. There is nothing, the advertisers declare, which a pretty woman's face or figure cannot sell; and our society today is more surely and economically pillared on that principle than on many better heralded. Patience, meekness, modesty, humility, decorum and gentility are outdated Victorian virtues, junked with antimacassars and high-button boots. But beauty is more than skin deep.

"The Gathering Storm"

IN THIS SEASON the thunderstorms come every afternoon and the lightning flashes over the tall buildings of the city and probably there are storms elsewhere over the plains, the mountains and the seas. Throughout history the storms of war have come and passed, always returning. The leaves on the ground, the dust, are motionless; men's lives are quiet; and then a sigh stirs the leaves, the dust eddies up in the air, the clouds tower high; and then nations argue and arm, but for a time the storm of war does not break. For a time men stand in their fields questioning the sky. It is too soon for a storm, they say, we have just had a storm. Then the storm breaks, or does not break. In 1939, the storm broke. And now how looks the sky?

"The Gathering Storm" is the title of Winston Churchill's first volume in his history of the Second World War. We could have had this book reviewed, ably no doubt, in our columns. But somehow it seemed too great a work to be put in the "Books" section; too important to be "mentioned." So we put it here—but not to talk about, not to discuss or praise, simply to announce—to announce when the skies are dark again.

Action is soon forgotten if it is not narrated. Men of action occasionally have been men also of meditation. But it is extraordinarily unusual to find a man who has carried the heaviest burden of responsibility and action, and yet has meditated also upon the causes that brought him the respon-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sibility and led him to act, and then is able to explain, in great prose, and relive, all he has thought and done. When such a man has been at the center of our disastrous times the record he leaves nourishes our memories in a way that no other commentary could do. It is from our memories of one gathering storm that we can learn to recognize the approach of another. And it is from the courage and foresight of such a man as Winston Churchill that we can know that these storms of war can be averted.

Berlin Blockade

THE Soviet blockade of Berlin is surrounded by various bits of political, technical and verbal poesy: bridges needing repair, freight cars not passing inspection, the capacity of airdromes and aircraft, the propriety of paper Marks, etc., etc. but the basic character of the struggle is evident and fairly frankly admitted by the principals, no matter what euphemisms public relations officers utilize in press releases.

The day this was written, Marshal Sokolovsky, the Soviet Military Governor, was suddenly "conciliatory." His "Administration hopes by that time to have done away with those technical troubles on the railways," and he regretted the new currency necessitated "continued restrictions of motor traffic on the Helmstedt-Berlin Autobahn." He knows his worrying, cat-and-mouse buffeting costs his opponents time, money, prestige, all varieties of inconvenience, and considerable balance. If there is no more, we must take it, developing a patience superior to the famous oriental. But the basic decision is to stay in or quit the German capital.

The Western Three Powers, with their associates, who now number all the European countries participating in ERP, are given a grim set of choices. They can give over all Germany to be governed by a policy and administration which fits Russian plans, subject to unilateral Russian sabotage. This choice involves junking all programs for Western Germany now getting under way. Or they can accept the cancellation of all agreements giving them a position in Berlin, and all rights and voice in Germany as a whole, retreating definitely to the borders of the three western zones and abandoning the conception of a Germany growing together in any manner not subject to Russian domination, and leaving Eastern Germany altogether in the Soviet imperial zone. If not these two choices, then—or else!

Berlin is the most important point in the contest between Russia and the rest of the world. Its abandonment by the West would be the longest step that could be taken at one time on the road of appeasement-betrayal. Politically, militarily, propagandistically, humanly, it would be groveling capitulation. The West is forced into the third choice: "Or else!"

It is hard to face this correct choice, even in the fairly irresponsible imagination, so the country and even papers remain remarkably calm. Maintaining a policy of firmness now, attempting to stick by moral and political principles, trying to sustain—economically, politically, spiritually—friends and co-operators, to keep Europe intact, to prevent strategic collapse all around the globe, working to preserve America as well as the rest of the world in a last tolerable position of freedom and safety—this act means at Berlin a solid, unequivocal, and altogether committed NO.

At any point, Russia can open up Berlin, and can open up real and effective conversations, illustrated by friendly action. But the United States and England and France cannot wait passively for that long delayed dream—and for the starvation of the western sectors of the city, and for the demoralization of the whole non-Communist world. If the Russians continue forcing the issue ruthlessly, the most desperate imagination can hardly find easier steps to take than something like these: 1. A loud and clear protest to the USSR, to the UN, and to every government and public body of the world which we can reach, stating the case and informing the world that supplies will be sent to Berlin on a given quick date. 2. On that date ship the stuff through and keep it going unless and until the Russians by force of arms or dynamite or whatever they have, stop it. 3. Then another protest of a vigor and clarity hitherto unknown, with a statement that the supplies are going in on an immediate date, protected by the men and weapons at our command. 4. Send the supplies forward, and if force is used to try to stop them, strike ahead along the right of way, with all the force we have there, toward the specific target, for the stated aims.

This is not a war policy; it is for peace. If a State as powerful as the USSR decides to make war, there is definitely going to be war in the world. If Russia decides to persist in flat refusal during the whole and complete period of starving-out which she has decreed for Berlin, then she has decided upon war—at the most opportune time, no matter what we do, short of condemning all the peoples to be slaves. We pray earnestly that such is not the case. We guess that it is probably not the case. Precipitating a war now by such flat and flagrant domineering, treaty-breaking, and refusal of co-operation, would be excessively inhuman. We also believe it would be unintelligent by the standards so brilliantly evidenced in the Cominform censure of Tito and the Jugoslavs, a document that would fit clumsily in the prologue of a showdown play against the West.

PHILIP BURNHAM.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Street Scene

LeGarde S. Doughty

IT WAS NOT yet time for the pox of political placards to break out all over the proud, scarred, wizened face of the old county. But it would come soon. There were no local issues of any consequence in the offing. It would be just the old shenanigan of two sets of politicians trying to get hold of one set of jobs, not to the end of executing the science of government, but for the purpose of reducing public interests to private business. But there was one exception, and that was causing an early whir of politics in the hot still air of the September drouth.

Troy Henchey had split with the Governor. The Governor was one of the few Southern liberals who had managed to escape far enough out of political isolation to get into public office. And Troy Henchey was Speaker of the House, with a string of self-successions as a legislator from St. John County long enough to reach back sixteen years to its unforgettable loop on the doorknob of the City Attorney's office, where, as Assistant City Attorney, Henchey had been collector of the payoff from five or six big gambling houses that had operated as wide open as a Baptist revival.

The split came when the Governor was making his fight against the Knights of the White Plume, an organization of crooks, hooligans, and boors, set up ostensibly to defend white chastity against black rape, or, as they euphemized it, "against the forces of evil"; but actually to stir up hatred against Negroes for the cash value of hatred. Troy Henchey got five thousand tacit dollars in cash from the Supreme Treasurer of the Knights on the pledge that he would make it his business to sidetrack the Governor from his purpose of shearing the white plumes. It was agreed that if Henchey was successful in preventing action he would get seven thousand five hundred more on the expiration of the Governor's term, two years away. Henchey and the Supreme Treasurer had haggled a while on the concluding fee, and had finally compromised between the ten thousand asked and the five thousand bid. But all the arguments Henchey could make and all the pressures he could bring did not stop the Governor.

Troy Henchey would have broken with Caesar over a stoppage of seventy-five hundred in stink money, so he broke with the Governor.

While the split was incipient, a ripening lawyer was making headlines in Windsor City. Hired by a group of Graham Avenue's middle-class property holders to dig up data on discriminatory assessments, the young lawyer found that the project led to a political gold mine just under the subsoil. He fulfilled his job, turning up the fact that property in the wealthy Thaxton Drive section was not being assessed proportionately. But he dug deeper than was required to earn his fee. He dug up the fact that upper-class Negroes and borderline whites who owned property on Gannett Street and its spillovers were paying taxes on assessments in the severest proportion of all.

When the Graham Avenue squawk reached the press, the headline mentioned the attorney categorically:

LOCAL LAWYER
TURNS UP TAX
INEQUALITIES

But when the second phase came to light, the headline particularized and broadened into two columns:

"HANK" McCULLEY SAYS POOR FOLK
TAXED HIGHEST ON CITY PROPERTY

That set off a lot of street-corner buzzing. And "Hank" McCulley was a natural political name, especially the chummy "Hank" part of it. "Hank" had easy nativity on any tongue; and "Hank" sounded like a synonym for poor-man's-friend.

C. Reeves Weathers, with the timing of melodrama, got in a huff and gave the press a statement. He said that McCulley's figures were all twisted up to mislead the "good people of our fair city" and that McCulley was just "out for cheap publicity." But the melodramatic timing was good for Hank, not for C. Reeves Weathers, who in the first decade of the century had been Charlie Weathers, a contractor with a carpenter's horny hands. But in about 1908 he invested his few hundred dollars' savings in a little beverage venture known as Coma Coca. At the climax of the transaction he looked at the money with nostalgia and at the gilded stock with misgivings. But it was an investment that needed only a few years to give it a fairy-story ending. So Charlie Weathers lost only the callus on his hands and the people-ish name. His finger pads got soft and tender and his name got groomed into C. Reeves Weathers.

C. Reeves Weathers's huff was too huffy for his own good. He was stupid enough to ask Hank McCulley in that public document if he advo-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cated turning the "humbler classes against the city builders who had looked to their welfare by giving them work and pay envelopes."

Hank McCulley gave the press a statement in rebuttal and got "Hank" again in a two-column head. The thing that put him squarely in the people's-choice category was his question which concluded the rebuttal. He asked C. Reeves Weathers this: "Who are the city builders—the good, strong, humble men who work with brick and board, or the shrewd old capitalists who sit down and get rich on the sales of bottled belly-wash?"

Hank McCulley got more than he was looking for. He got mentioned on a thousand tongues as a man of the Governor's stamp; he got picked up by all the anti-Henchey politicians as a natural to beat Henchey in November.

Lines for the battle were beginning to take shape. Of course, Hank McCulley would be called a communist and Troy Henchey a fascist. That would be the mild preliminary. But when the battle waxed hot, Troy Henchey would make it clear that Hank McCulley was a temporizing schemer, and Hank McCulley would point to Troy Henchey with some term to indicate a general son-of-a-bitch. Both would be right.

★

The Negro Citizens' Advancement Society had a meeting. Dark people with spectacles over wide eyes and wishful purposes behind perennially bewildered brows spoke almost hopefully in blurry drawl and faltering grammar. Dark people with the woolen cloth of a little prosperity on their backs and smoldering hate in the clamped silence of their thick mouths sat in corners and listened, at moments hating the speakers for their enduring patience. Only the students from Blair College were really alert and actually expectant. They sat together, and sometimes leaned forward with the eager look of runners at the starting line. One old man with the facial mold of a white man and the color of orange peel sat hunched and silent. His hair was white and like silk. His clothes were clean and frayed. He looked very tired.

But the lodge hall needed no protection, needed no strong arms to keep order. Two policemen stood on the sidewalk outside. They watched the citizens walk into the doorway, heard their feet scrape up the narrow stairs. They stood in monotony, slapped at bugs that strayed from their circling around the street lights, occasionally spoke to each other lackadaisically about nothing. A few times they heard short, unexcited bursts of applause from upstairs; the sound was muffled, without the sharp clatter of stimulation.

But along the streets, in feebly lighted saloons, on front porches webbed with timid flowering vines and bordered with painted buckets of petunias—in these places the inarticulate laughed often and talked endlessly, slurring their words to the softness of ripe fruit, mangling syntax into new language as simple as stubble in a field. These were the garrulous, inarticulate, happy, great with courage, sorrowing, generous, kind, vicious, cruel, frank, and sly as foxes. Strange mixture. And the mixture was not only among them but within them. Blue shirts musty with dried sweat. Shoes, as shapeless as bags, with slits cut in them for feet that ailed with knobs forever. Coats flashy with barbarous taste and shamefully expensive cheapness. Woolen trousers, slick with wear, but pressed to razor sharpness. Work pants, patched, splotched, grimy, baggy, and falling apart. These were the black rabble, good and evil, poor and poorer, thoughtful only of the present hour, damned and indifferent about it, and full of imminent song—but with hatred in gentle ferment beneath their conscious minds.

When the meeting was over the citizens talked in pairs down the steps, but when they reached the sidewalk they went dead silent; not because they were saying anything the cops should not hear, but because it was an instinctive compulsion to say nothing in the presence of blue clothes and brass buttons. Some of them spoke "Hoddy Mr. Rabb—Mr. Wilkins" to the cops with obsequious politeness, some spoke with dignity, some turned their heads and passed without speaking. Mr. Rabb and Mr. Wilkins saw them up and down the street gather into little knots under the corner lights, then unravel the knots and go away in all directions.

Judson Leverett came down last, with the keeper of the hall. The keeper locked the door with a metallic clatter, said "G'night Mr. Judson," and walked away. Judson Leverett stood facing the battered asphalt street. Mr. Wilkins pulled away in his police car. Mr. Rabb turned from the curb.

"Good evening, Mr. Rabb," Judson Leverett said.

"Howya, Judson," said Mr. Rabb. "Reckon things uz pretty hot upstairs, wasn't they?"

"No, sir. We had a fan going. It was passing comfortable," Judson Leverett said, intentionally misunderstanding Mr. Rabb, politely evading, courteously petitioning in the secret code of a gentleman that the question not be pressed.

But Mr. Rabb was not a man of finesse, not a man of intellectual codes; he was not a gentleman; hence he did not comprehend.

"Hell, Judson," he said. "I ain't talking 'bout weather. I mean wasn't it hot politics upstairs?"

Mr. Rabb regarded Judson Leverett, two hundred pounds of portly dignity, always cleanly garmented with old cloth more austere than shabby; shoes never new looking but ever glowing; gray felt hat more in hand than on head, rim bent from

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the grasp of fingers; light brown face with thoughtful, kindly lines, always clean but never quite cleanshaven, always with needle points of hard white bristles on jowls. Never a president or a treasurer or a secretary, Judson Leverett was always a patriarch, always a leader leading quietly from behind.

Judson Leverett regarded Mr. Rabb, a hard, stocky man with a brutal face and a red neck, deceit implicit in every change of facial muscles, in every syllable of utterance, in every movement of his square hands.

But time was passing.

"It was a quiet meeting, Mr. Rabb," Judson Leverett said.

"Yeah! I know. You boys may not make a lotta fuss, but I know what's cookin'. You boys better look out. Yer givin' mighty bad advice if yer tryin' to lead yer folks away from Troy Henchey. Troy Henchey's as good a man as ever went to Atlanta from this county. Better watch yer step. You're a lucky man, Judson, drawin' a nice fat pension from the U.S. Gov'ment. But how 'bout yer people? They all got jobs now and doin' O.K. Better not go to changin' horses in the middle uv the stream. Hank McCulley'll do a lotta lip service, but what does he know 'bout runnin' this State? Better stick to a man yuh can depend on and not go countin' on cashin' in on Hank McCulley's lip service."

Judson Leverett looked silently out of his seventy years, a little screen of clear, swift pictures thrown upon his mind by the crude projection of Mr. Rabb's words. There was a glimpse of the massive stones of Washington, where he had worked forty-two years in the Justice Department to retire into the pension. There was a flash of his graduation from college seven hundred miles from home, where he had learned law. There was a flutter of the years that followed that day of abounding youthful hope, years of spiritual labor wherein he had learned patience. There was a flare of broken hopes, like little chips of figured glass, from which he had learned grace.

But time was passing. Mr. Rabb had to be answered.

"My duty is to urge the colored people to vote, Mr. Rabb," he said. He had paused a little after the word vote, as if some further word should come. Something like pain came across his face. "To vote thoughtfully," he said. "To vote without noise and without beer. The candidates are their choice."

Mr. Rabb rocked forward on the balls of his feet, then back on his heels with a jolt. He rocked three or four times before he spoke again. Judson Leverett's words were not of his language. He had made a bold frontal assault only to find no enemy in the field; the enemy was at his rear.

"Hem-m-m-. Well, Judson, that duty business is sho all right, but you know damn well what them fellers is up to." He tossed his head backwards toward the hall that was now given to darkness and to mice. "They're all out for Hank McCulley and they'll tie up every nig—haw-w-w-wk flu-u-u—every cullud vote in this county fer 'im. And sure as hell they'll be sorry when it's too late. Yuh better get busy fer the incumbrent and let well enough alone."

He had said "incumbrent" like a boy at elocution, had strained for it, at the same time trying to give it the sound of usage on his tongue; nor did he know he had thrown a wild *"r"* into the last syllable. But Judson Leverett heard the *"r"* like screeching chalk on a blackboard. He was sorry for Mr. Rabb, suffered a little hurt for him.

"There's a lot of time, Mr. Rabb," he said. "Both candidates will have a lot to say for themselves."

★

Going down the street, Judson Leverett thought about Mr. Rabb. He thought somebody in the Police Department or at the City Hall, somebody big, had prompted Mr. Rabb to throw the fear of God and the devil into him. He hardly thought it, though; it was so obvious he knew it He wondered who had blundered into picking so crude a blunderer. He thought of Mr. Rabb as a fool on two counts: a fool for not knowing that he could not turn a purpose of Judson Leverett with patronage, bribe, veiled threat, or bull whip; a fool for not knowing that the wealthy-class whites were keeping his feet pounding the sidewalks, keeping him at the level of a cheap hireling and making him wilfully support them in the imposition, not suspecting at all that to the wealthy class he, Marston Rabb, cop, was not much more regarded than the black chattels that both they and he held in contempt. He contemplated the phenomenon that men like Mr. Rabb, blessed with the advantage of whiteness, could reach their forties without knowing the vital passion of a book, without knowing the stabbing rapture of a thought.

Judson Leverett turned into the side street that was his street. It was narrow and rough with gravel, and the light hanging at the corner hardly threw a glow to the dark houses. They were old houses, large and square, with broad porches, upper and lower, and the porches were railed with cheaply ornate sticks of pine. The houses were ratty, roachy, and rotting. Negroes had begun coming in as the prospering Irish had begun moving out, upgrade, to the sandy slopes, forty years before. But where one family had moved out, two or three had moved in. Judson Leverett's house was painted a bright color, and the paint was not full of scabs.

He could see the black tower of the abandoned

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cotton mill beyond the block. He saw it every time he came toward his house, but now he was actually looking at it, at the embrasures, at the bartizan leaning from a corner. Somebody with a ridiculously European twist had designed that structure long before the century turned. Judson Leverett looked at the gloomy silhouette against the reddish glow from the lighted streets beyond.

Over the parapet, in the reddish sky, he suddenly beheld a fantasy of weird action: queer-looking rockets, flying incredibly fast, were darting like flies over the sky. They were exploding and shooting lightning and serrate flame in every direction. He watched in serene terror. He knew nothing of such warlike things. He knew only the marvelous, terrible, murderous, cunning insanity of them.

Judson Leverett stopped looking at the sky. He walked on, looking straight down the street. He tried to whistle a cheerful little tune that sprang into his mind from long ago, but no sound came. He realized he had not whistled in perhaps thirty years; he had lost the art.

At the corner a bony brown cur with dirty white spots was trying to devour a tough, filthy rag of offal in the middle of the street. The dog was bent in a crescent of cowardice. Hearing footfalls, it raised its head and tucked its tail a little farther under. It began slinking toward the gutter opposite the footfalls; then it stopped, came back to the offal. There must have been something in the look of Judson Leverett that assured the cur there was nothing to fear.

Scandal of Christians Being Separated

H. A. REINHOLD

NINETEEN FORTY-FOUR was the great year of the beheading of priests in Germany. Among the ones executed was the founder of the "White Cross" movement, Conrad Metzger. In many ways he resembles Dorothy Day in our land. His work ought to be known better although most of it perished under Hitler. One feature survived, his *Una Sancta* movement for the reunion of Christians. It is now in the hands of another priest whose name we abroad should know. He is Father Mathias Laros; he is pastor of a little town on the banks of the Rhine; but his literary fame covers all German-speaking regions of Austria, Switzerland and Germany. To mention only one thing: he was the man who, long before others, through his translations and essays, funneled the work of Cardinal Newman into his country. He has a bold and fearless approach to the problems of his time and, for the last forty years, has weathered many a battle, has been silenced and heard again. I could not say how old he is, because as long as I have been able to read I have always seen one or another book by Mathias Laros nearby.

The counterpart in Austria of our American *Orate Fratres* is Dr. Pius Parsch's *Live With the Church,* which, like our American monthly, is by no means narrowly dedicated to liturgy in the strictest sense. Just as Dr. Parsch has always had a deep-rooted love for Holy Scripture and has done all he could to spread the Bible and biblical knowledge among Catholics, he has also had a watchful eye on kindred movements without Peter's fold. He is one of the foremost advocates of the vernacular in the Roman liturgy, of a simple, popular liturgy of hymns, vernacular readings and prayers, in place of the highly esoteric forms of the Latin liturgy. If he had his way, I feel I can say, he would have asked the Bishops of Austria, Germany and Alemanic Switzerland to petition Rome for as much of the popular tongue in the Mass as could possibly be granted.

It may sound strange to American Catholics, but one who knows German history and tradition can easily see why men like Parsch have looked with envy on the treasure of magnificent "chorales" (the great hymns of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries) of Nicolai, Paul Gerhard, Haendel, Bach and Gellert in the hymn books of their separated brethren. The best of these hymns are deeply religious, biblical, virile in tenor and magnificent. That some of them are translated from Gregorian hymns only adds to the regret of Catholics that they have to be satisfied with the maudlin, sentimental and shallow stuff either concocted in competition with Pietism or created by Romanticists and their bourgeois epigones in the nineteenth century.

It is therefore no surprise that this magazine should show a deep interest in the return to unity of the separated Christians, which in Austria means the Lutherans and in Switzerland, and the Rhineland, the Calvinists (in Central Europe sects are small and live off American funds). How deeply this longing is seated in the minds of many Christians in the heart of Europe was evident when in 1933 Karl Thieme wrote a letter to Pius XI in the name of 300 Lutheran ministers asking for terms of reunion, which, as far as I know, never received an answer. Karl Thieme is now a Catholic and a one-man biblical movement. It became again evident when the late provost of Paderborn Cathedral, Father Paul Simon, one of the noblest and most learned priests Germany has seen, publicly discussed the problem of reconciliation of Lutheran churches and ministers, the chances of toleration of two liturgies, and of a married beside a celibate clergy in Germany. We all remember the touching comradeship of Pastor

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

M. Niemoeller and Father Rupert Mayer, S.J., in concentration camps, and the public prayers ordered by Cardinal Preysing in his diocese for the persecuted Lutheran ministers.

COMMONWEAL readers possess enough critical judgment and a healthy enough Catholic "nose" to take cognizance of some news which Father Laros recently published in Father Parsch's monthly, without falling into heresy. However, on our shores the deplorable aggressiveness and negative attitude of certain groups have created an atmosphere which cries for irenic men. Before I say any more, let me quote: "No voices call louder for reunion than those of the men who are now (1947) prisoners of war in Russia, France and England. When will the shepherds of souls finally get together? We of the flock have reached understanding long ago. We know each other, respect each other, and help each other. . . ." From France a P.O.W. writes to Father Laros: "For months we have been discussing the material furnished us by the *Aumonerie Catholique et Protestante* . . . ."

"We have been horrified to see that at the bottom of it all we are separated by your theological theories and by no means by a difference in real Christian faith. Take this example: Catholics and Lutherans believe with one mind that Our Lord gave His Apostles at the Last Supper His true flesh and blood as food and drink and bade them renew this supper. Both of us take His words in their literal meaning. We disagree in our human way of explanation." Then he gives the doctrine of Transubstantiation, using the terms of substance and accidents. "The Lutherans speak of Consubstantiation"; in other words, the bread remains but, in a mysterious way, with it we truly receive the Body of the Lord. "I ask you: is this not just a difference in hypotheses? Human theories? A friend, scientist and scholar, tells us that modern physics have made it evident that the whole question of separating substance and accidents is misplaced, there is no 'matter' and 'phenomenal form' in reality, except in Aristotle's categories. What on earth is there in the old Greek philosopher's theorems that has anything to do with the Word of the Lord?" He continues, very significantly: "Who cares *how* Christ is present under the species of bread and wine, and who wants to know *how* He could give Himself in them as food and drink? We are completely satisfied with the fact, established by His Word, that He is here truly and essentially. As a matter of fact, we Lutherans of this day see no difficulty why, outside of the service, He should not be present tomorrow, next week, when a dying man requests the viaticum. . . . To us this quarrel over Trans- or Consubstantiation appears hair-splitting and non-essential for our separation in two different churches."

Of course, these men say nothing of Luther's irate attacks on the Mass and Sacrifice, nor of his scorn for the late medieval extra-liturgical devotions and mysticism which grew up around the reserved sacrament, when participation in the liturgy yielded more and more to the passive and meditative attitude of what Father Josef Kramp, S.J., has called "tabernacle mysticism," so vigorously defended in the latest encyclical of Pope Pius XII as a legitimate, if secondary, growth around the essence of the Holy Eucharist. But we should not entirely forget that this encyclical expressly states that it has only bearing on the present-day Latin Church and that it does not affect the united Catholics of the Eastern Rites. None of the Eastern Rites, except the hybrid ones, have these derivative and secondary devotions. This, in case of a reunion, would mean that returning Lutherans, returning in a body at least, may not be bound by Rome to adopt legitimate and orthodox outgrowths of late medieval and post-Tridentine piety which took place during their absence. From what I have read in the American Lutheran magazine, *Una Sancta* (St. Louis, Mo.), there would be no insurmountable difficulty now for them to accept Trent's definition of the Eucharist as a sacrifice, as long as they don't have to take the many "explanations" so ably refuted and then strangely augmented by Father de la Taille. The spadework of the late Dom Odo Casel, O.S.B., of Father Henri de Lubac, of Abbot Anscar Vonier and many others has cleared the underbrush in our own forest in so many places that we can almost predict a sane, adequate, sober, truly spiritual and biblical theory exerting the same wise restraint and humble modesty as the Fathers and Saint Thomas Aquinas.

The greatest obstacle is apparently less a doctrinal one than the person of Luther himself. His towering bulk stands far more between the separated and, alas, hostile Christians than the points he argued. When he wrote in his commentary on Galatians: "If the Pope would only concede to us, that only through merciful grace God justifies the sinner through Christ we would not only bear him on our hands, we would kiss his feet," he demanded nothing that looked different to my naked eye from what the Sacred Council of Trent solemnly declared twenty years later, when it defined: "Our Lord Jesus Christ alone has merited our justification by His sacred passion on the Cross and thus satisfied for us to God the Father . . . we declare that we are justified without merit (*gratis*), as nothing that precedes out justification can merit for us the grace of justification, neither faith, nor works. If it be grace and grace only then justification is not the fruit of works, or grace would not be grace."

To what extent this deep longing has grown

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the souls of the Christians we can measure when we hear that they use the same churches, that Catholic Bishops administer Confirmation in Lutheran churches that were once Catholic, far back in the Middle Ages. When we read that a Lutheran parish, without pressure, as a pure gesture of brotherly charity, donated its cemetery church to the local Catholics as a house of worship in a solemn service of transfer and dedication; that in old St. Catherine's in Luebeck vesper services were held in common to celebrate the anniversary of the beheading of three Catholic priests and a Lutheran pastor; that the Bishop of Ratisbonne, Dr. Michael Buchberger, talks of Bishop Marius Besson's (Fribourg) famous book, "After 400 Years," significantly as yet untranslated in our country, and says: "He who follows with open eyes the course of history during the last 400 years, gazing back and ahead, sees that the time is ripe for reunion—or else interior and exterior dissolution. . . . This call appears premature to those who are not yet ripe for the message of peace, because they cannot see farther than their own narrow horizon. . . . They do not see the ceaseless crumbling at the edges and continuous dying, they pass without thought the innumerable graves in the Kingdom of Christ. For blind and ossified people, for sleepy minds and arid souls, reunion and harmony is always too early . . . the yawning abyss which opened before us in the Third Reich was not yet sufficient to admonish and warn us."

★

The Lutheran Bishop, Dr. Staehlin, makes his own Bishop Marius Besson's statement: "The most precious treasures of Christian faith we own in common. There is much more to make us one than to separate us. It serves a better purpose to examine the common foundations of our common faiths. Once we realize that we are one in the essentials, our morale will rise, a feeling of community and solidarity will ensue and there will arise trust in happy fulfilment. . . . Reunion certainly will never come by a 'meeting in the middle,' by compromise. Primacy belongs to full truth which cannot be used in bargaining."

Bishop Buchberger continues: "Protestants will ask, 'Does reunion mean complete surrender and loss of all that was to us great and sacred?' Our answer is, 'By no means. That which was truly good and great does not have to perish, just because not everybody recognized it as such. Who would demand from the non-Catholic bodies that they should crawl back like penitent sinners to the Mother Church's bosom, while the Catholics receive them with the complacency of a pharisee? No, we have sinned, all of us, and we, the Catholics, have shown ourselves often very ungrateful; our lives all too often have not had power of attraction and have not recruited others, as living apologies of our faith. . . ."

A young priest who ministered to his fellow prisoners in a Russian P.O.W. hospital at Djoma in the Ural Mountains reports an experience on Easter, 1947: "My Easter High Mass was the most gripping and solemn service I ever experienced. Sixty Lutheran P.O.W.'s from the Bible belt near Bielefeld, Germany, approached me on Holy Saturday night and asked for permission to come to our Catholic liturgy and Holy Communion. My heart stood still for a moment. By questioning them, I found out that all of them believe in the Real Presence, that nearly all of them were used to confessing their sins and all knew how to elicit perfect contrition. All had been baptized in their day by believing Lutheran ministers."

I am sure American Catholics, with their deep sense of the sacredness of law, will find it hard to stomach the next sentence: "How could I obstruct their genuine desire for Christ the Lord by mere formal objections from Canon Law? We sang our old appropriate hymns. I consecrated the piece of hard and coarse Russian bread and the wine . . . over 300 Catholics and 80 Evangelical Christians came to the Sacred Banquet. The speaker of the Lutherans thanked me, his voice drowned in tears of joy. He was a student for the ministry from Eisenach. They would all go back one day and witness that through a Catholic priest the *Una Sancta Catholica et Apostolica* had once in their lives become living, real truth."

I have known in my young days the ceaseless ridicule of Catholics, and read the fulminations of the "Gustavus Adolfus League" and the "Union of Protestants" against the "lurking danger" of Catholic seizure of power in Berlin. But, I have also heard some people sneer at the "runaway monk of Wittenberg and his escaped nun Catherine," and read learned disquisitions showing that he must have died by his own hand, with nary an attempt to suppose that he had anything looking like a conscience. I have held my breath when my distrusting ears seemed to notice that men like Marius Besson or Lord Halifax spoke of peace, and I have sweated like a man who sees a child balancing on a railing over an abyss, looking for somebody who would raise a sharp cry to warn the reckless innocent and keep him from falling into the swirling flood. But when in the land that twice committed the criminal folly of hubris and seemed to look calmly on the cool murder of 6,000,000 Jews, the Christians begin to love one another, and at the same time in godless Russia in one year a hundred new monasteries are opened, how can I withhold this news from American Catholics? *"Veritas nihil erubescit, nisi solummodo abscondi*: Truth blushes never, except when covered up."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Vacation Project

EDWARD S. SKILLIN

GETTING AWAY from it all, acquiring a good sun-tan or simply cooling off for a couple of weeks constitutes a good enough objective for any city slavey on his annual holiday. I am hesitant to suggest any improvements on that. Yet there is something that might add considerable zest—enhancing rather than interfering with any of the above. Namely, to seize the opportunity it presents for getting to know our country better.

Over a period of years this might be compassed physically; a visit to New England would serve as a good start. For the hardy of physique and temperament I suppose that a bus trip not too ambitious in its itinerary would provide contact with some new places and fellow Americans from other climes. No doubt you can pick up a lot about the United States merely by driving around in a leisurely fashion, which presupposes a consistent effort not to range too far. If there were only accessible resorts patronized by all sorts of fellow Americans where an air of Middlewestern openhandedness and friendliness prevails! Some local public relations man may take me up on this, but there is no such mecca.

To find out much about the United States as a whole—beyond its general topography—seems virtually impossible by physical means in the short respite allotted to most of us. But even in a seaside cottage not far from a big metropolis you can discover a lot. Particularly if there is a radio that works plus a few old news magazines obligingly left behind by previous tenants. You can alway count on a few cloudy or rainy days.

The reason is that most of us who are otherwise engaged from 8 to 6 miss out on much that is going on the country over. It does not get across in our formal metropolitan dailies, the evening news broadcasts or even in occasional neighborhood movies. Picture magazines, for those who go in for them, and the more frothy of the two weekly news-picture magazines, do give an inkling every so often, but there are always so many items competing for attention.

I refer specifically here to the world of soap opera, a realm claiming millions of faithful adherents. It accounts for so large a bulk of the nation's daytime radio programs. Encountering it for the first time in any large doses leads to the startling discovery that many of its harrowing dramas—which succeed each other, punctuated by commercials and standard mournful musical themes, on the major national networks, actually are peddling soap.

Here is the way they do it. There are, for example, the sufferings of the successful lawyer whose husband is an ace correspondent and potentially a great writer. Also the wicked woman who tries so callously to separate them, the conflicts engendered by the respective careers of husband and wife, the difficulty of finding a community in which both would be happy to live. Needless to say, the emphasis is on the unending machinations of the wicked woman, who wants that newspaperman for her wicked self.

During the following quarter-hour, millions of American housewives agonize with a simple village barber who is always so straight and eager to help his neighbor that he overcomes the horrendous trials which the scriptwriter thinks up for him week after week. Just now his daughter is on trial for her life for the murder of a deranged artist-killer who actually is still alive. All sorts of people are in on the plot and day after day her husband, the defense attorney, must meet new slings and arrows, while the barber himself has been kidnaped by the demented artist.

Then fifteen minutes of a complicated blackmail case in which a fabulous New York newspaperman endangers even his own wife to save the day. Heavily implicated is an unexpected guest in the home of the blackmail victim, the supposed fiancée of the victim's equally mysterious nephew. This thrill-a-day extravagance has a curious commercial twist. Important in current developments of the tale is a most glittering bit of jewelry, an exact replica of which can be had for the usual boxtop and coin to cover mailing expenses. But the blackmailer is a hard man and proves impervious to the painful writhing of the victim with a past as she reaches the end of her personal resources. Exposure to her husband becomes most painfully imminent. But there is a thin straw of a hope. That newspaperman is determined to get his story even though this involves not only clearing the lady of the crime with which she had been unjustly charged some eight years back, but also braving the mayhem which the desperate blackmailer threatens for himself and wife. That is what I call enthusiasm for one's work!

To get a revealing perspective of the nature of the soap opera world which has caught up so many millions of housewives in all sections of this country, it also helps to read a good novel concurrently. While these air-sped villains, these persecuted ones, these super-heroes were emoting and each day leaving things on the very brink, I happened to be engrossed in a minor classic of the last century, "The Princess Casamassima," of Henry James, which Macmillan has just brought out in a neat two-volume set. Any other good novel would have provided a contrast—whether it be for reality of situation, characters, the subjects of their concern or genuineness of emotion.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Also, I cannot help thinking that while such misfortunes on the part of these radio characters have been engaging the emotional energies of so many American housewives, the plight of thousands of flesh-and-blood human beings has been blissfully ignored.

But enough: switch off the radio. Start rummaging through the magazine rack. Leaf through a news magazine of two summers back. The faces haven't changed. Even then we were comparing visages of presidential candidates; baby-kissing had already begun. Since then no new candidate, no new political plank of any note. Only that Philadelphia, with simulated enthusiasm, has designated the man who has been most likely all along, the 1944 candidate.

Burrow through the "inside stuff." A new and inexpensive remedy for baldness had been discovered, with a number of men in show business and the like reportedly most pleased with their new locks. What has become of this panacea? Now I hear of a new Hollywood hair-grower. . . .

Back in the summer of '46 there was considerable agitation about a second round of wage increases, holding back prices and restraining mounting inflation. Now we are right in the midst of a third round, pursuing and inducing still-increasing living costs. Inflation is still with us, and more menacing than ever.

Turning to the feature story of that magazine of two summers back, I see huge stacks of timber waiting to be thrown together at a California mountain resort and a race track under construction in New Jersey, which today finances a large part of its official operations by the high percentage of its take from local horseracing. The story, of course, had to do with the national housing shortage and the inability of returning veterans to find a decent domicile. Meanwhile, as pictured, all sorts of unnecessary construction was merrily proceeding. Today, veterans and others still cannot find homes; there are still newspictures of wives and infants temporarily sheltered in police stations and magistrates' courts. We do not even know of the many personal tragedies that result from families being forced to double up. What has the nation done individually or collectively to tackle its urgent housing problems during the past two years?

These are only a few of the highlights on the domestic scene showing a few of the things at stake in this country while many Americans have been expending their sympathies on a dream world—not to mention the agonies of the strange creatures in the 60,000,000 comic books which, it said over the radio, sell here every week. These are not palatable facts. They raise the question as to what does make our nation great. But I shall have to put off research into that matter until another summer.

CATHOLIC INTERNATIONAL NEWS

IDEOLOGY IN INDONESIA

The Hague, 6/22 (CIP)—"The growth of Communism in Indonesia is disturbing," *Archbishop Georges De Jonghe d'Ardoye,* Belgian-born Apostolic Delegate for Indonesia, declared on his arrival from Indonesia for a three-month visit to Belgium, the Netherlands, and the Vatican. "The Communists have an efficient organization in Indonesia," he declared, "and seem to have no lack of funds. Last October, more than a million natives were members of the Communist Party. Communist advances are facilitated by the fact that the big corporations and plantations pay starvation wages and that there is no social security system."

The fact that the overwhelming majority of the people in Indonesia are Moslems is not necessarily an obstacle to Communism, Archbishop De Jonghe declared, because for many Indonesians the Koran, prayer, fasting and even Allah have become empty words and Islam has degenerated into some sort of nationalism through which dangerous ideological influences can infiltrate. In addition, the Archbishop pointed out, hatred of Christianity is in some cases a link between Moslems and Communists.

"Among the leading Moslems in Indonesia, two trends are prevalent, one in favor of Communism, the other against it," the Archbishop stated. "The first is undoubtedly the stronger one at the present time. The second is seeking contact with Christianity." As an example of the latter trend, the Archbishop mentioned that last January a very prominent Moslem leader told him: "We are willing to cooperate with you, in order to fight Communism."

While the growing strength of Communism is a serious threat, according to the Apostolic Delegate, the attitude of the present leaders of the Federation of Indonesia towards the Catholic Church has been most gratifying. He gave the following example: "One of them (the political leaders) told me: 'In your schools dogma and ethics are taught which have successfully resisted all materialistic and atheistic tendencies during twenty centuries. . . .'"

There is complete freedom of religion and there are many denominational schools, the Apostolic Delegate declared. "We have no detailed figures at our disposal concerning the total number of Catholics, but it may be estimated at slightly below one million." Matters would be even better, he added, if the training of native priests had kept pace with the number of conversions.

Questioned on social conditions, Archbishop De Jonghe declared: "When I came to the island of Java in 1947, I found a chaotic situation. Today improvements are noticeable. On several plantations and in some industries, social welfare schemes are now coming into effect or are in preparation. In this field the BPM (Batavian Oil Company) is leading. . . . Such schemes are also the best way of fighting Communism."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FRANCE AND THE GERMAN PROBLEM

Dr. H. Suesterhenn, Minister of Justice and of Education in the Government of Rhineland-Palatinate, French Zone, and one of the leaders of the Christian Democratic Union attended as a guest the recent convention of the French MRP (Popular Republican Movement). On his return to Germany he published a statement, first in the *Rheinischer Merkur,* Koblenz, examining the French position toward German problems. From the abridged CIP translation, the following excerpts indicate this German official's view of the French position. . . .

Bartholomew Ott, Member of the Council of the Republic (the former Senate) and Secretary of MRP's Committee on Foreign Affairs, presented to the Convention a report on France's policy towards Germany since 1945. He gave a survey of world political development, stressing in particular the tension between East and West and its repercussions on the German problem. He states: "In its traditional form, in which we were accustomed to look at it, the German danger has lost its acute character. On the other hand, Germany could become for us a formidable danger within a very short time if a pro-Communist regime were established there. A new German-Soviet alliance—which is the dream of certain old Nazis and certainly the aim of the Kominform—would represent a deadly danger for Europe and for us. . . . We have a right to make sure that we do not become again the victims of German aggression, and we have the duty to be always on our guard. But in the name of the higher interests of humanity and of the salvation of Western culture, which is threatened by the expansion of the Soviet Union, we have also the duty not to separate Germany from Europe. If we do not have Germany with us in Europe, we shall have it against us on the side of the Soviet Union . . ."

On the part of France, it seems that the basic conditions for such a development exist. The former demand for a dismemberment of Germany has been dropped. . . . The MRP wants a federal organization of Germany based on strong individual States. A German central authority is acceptable to the French on the condition that it does not bring about a centralist accumulation of power, as initiated by Bismarck and completed by Hitler. So far as the MRP is concerned there is no doubt that the German Christian Democratic Union, whose advocacy of a federal organization of Germany is fully appreciated, is opposed to a loose federation of completely independent States and wants a Federal State. The federal organization of Germany is expressly recognized by the MRP as a necessary condition for a European Federation which will have the task of overcoming anachronistic nationalism.

Principles for the future organization of Germany which are to an extent in harmony with the ideas enunciated at the National Convention of the French MRP have recently been formulated by various bodies of the Christian Democratic Union, for instance the State Committee for Rhineland-Palatinate (French Zone), the State Committee of the Christian Social Union of Bavaria (American Zone), the "Ellwanger Kreis" in which political leaders from all Western Zones cooperate.

Communications

CIVIL LIBERTIES AND MUNDT-NIXON

TO the Editors: The article by Christopher Emmet on the Mundt-Nixon bill in your issue of June 25 requires at least not only a brief rejoinder from the American Civil Liberties Union, which was at least obliquely attacked, but a short comment on the merits of the bill. Mr. Emmet's article makes three points. First, that the bill is constitutional. Second, that there has been a disreputable campaign against the bill. Third, although the American Civil Liberties Union is exempt from the category of dishonest groups, its stand has been influenced by members with a personal interest at stake. Let us take the last point first.

1. This is neither the time nor the place to discuss personalities in the ACLU. As far as the Mundt-Nixon bill is concerned, our opposition was unanimously approved by the Board. The Union has consistently opposed penalties because of beliefs. Its record is clear on this issue. The holding of opinions is a human right which, unless translated into a "clear and present danger" of injurious acts, is beyond control by the State. It passionately believes in the principle stated by Thomas Jefferson, "It is time enough for the rightful purpose of civil government for its officers to interfere when principles break out into overt acts against peace and good order." It holds no brief for communism any more than it does for nazism. It merely upholds the right to believe in either.

2. We believe the bill to be unconstitutional in its major aspects. Regardless of what may be said about it, its purpose is to outlaw the Communist Party. It is sheer sophistry to claim that only the illegal acts of the Communist Party are meant to be covered for there are adequate laws to do that now. By permitting the Attorney General to require disclosure of an organization based largely, if not wholly, on its tenets or views of its members, the bill has the inevitable tendency of throttling those particular views. Not only is this discrimination based on belief, but it would in fact be an abridgement of freedom of thought.

There are other sections of the law, particularly Section 4, making it illegal *"in any manner"* to attempt to establish a "totalitarian dictatorship" which on their face are unconstitutional.

If any of your readers wish our memorandum on the subject, they may have it by writing to us.

But I do not wish to rest the case against the bill solely on constitutional grounds. There are at least five statutes and an executive order which are aimed either at exposing the Communist Party, penalizing what may be accepted to be its political beliefs, or punishing "subversive" activity. To mention merely one, the Subversive Political Organizations Act of 1940 requires the registration of "every organization the purpose or aim of which, or one of the purposes or aims of which, is the establishment, control, conduct, seizure or overthrow of a government or subdivision thereof by the use of force,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

violence, military measures, or threats of any one or more of the foregoing."

Such an eminent, unimpeachable authority as Professor Zechariah Chafee, Jr., of the Harvard Law School, has publicly condemned the bill on the ground that he sees "no evidence whatever for the necessity of such an unprecedented conglomeration of elaborate regulations of the opinions of private citizens and exceedingly drastic penalties for entirely novel offenses."

3. To my mind, contrary to Mr. Emmet's beliefs, the evidence appears overwhelming that the Communists and their supporters were doing everything possible to goad the Senate, if not the House of Representatives, into passage of this bill. In so doing, they would force liberal, untainted organizations to "front" for them in attacking the bill in the courts. It would have the tendency to confound and confuse beliefs and democratic principles such as freedom of speech with support of Communists and their doctrines. In doing so, the liberals would come under attack, which is precisely not only the aim of the Communists, but also the history of their activities, not only here but in European countries. It need not be called to your attention that wherever Communists have come to power, the first elements to suffer are the Liberals and the Democrats. For this reason alone, I think the bill should be opposed.

CLIFFORD FORSTER,
Staff Counsel
American Civil Liberties Union

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: The essence of my disagreement with Mr. Forster is revealed by his quotation of Thomas Jefferson's words:

> It is time enough for the rightful purpose of civil government for its officers to interfere when principles break out with overt acts against peace and good order.

Assuming that Jefferson was right in his day, the question is whether the tempo and technique of political crises have not changed essentially since Jefferson in the era of totalitarian cold war and the atomic age.

As regards the constitutional issue, I did not assert that the bill was constitutional but contended that, especially with minor amendments, there was a reasonable case in favor of its constitutionality, an issue which could be properly and finally settled by the Supreme Court. The bill was passed by the votes of 319 congressmen, about one hundred of them lawyers. There are other eminent lawyers who regard the bill as constitutional even in its present form and certain amendments were agreed to by Mr. Mundt and Mr. Nixon while the bill was before the Senate Judiciary Committee, which would further tend to allay constitutional doubts.

The answer to Mr. Forster's assertion that present laws are adequate to deal with the subversive Communist activities was given by Governor Stassen in the Dewey debate, when he pointed out that on the record the laws were presumably inadequate in view of the failure to prosecute under them. Congressman Mundt reports that Attorney General Clark told him he needed new legislation if he was to proceed more vigorously against the Communists.

Incidentally, there seems to be an inconsistency in Mr. Forster's argument that it is unconstitutional to penalize Communist beliefs in any respect (as the Mundt Bill does), with his argument that the bill is unnecessary because there already is legislation on the statute books.

As regards the point which Mr. Forster quotes from Professor Zechariah Chafee, Jr., that there is no emergency to justify such novel legislation, it seems to me that the Civil Liberties Union and Mr. Chafee underestimate the damage which the Communist Party can and does do in America, operating as a disciplined, well-financed and skilful political force, amid the chaos of a fluid political situation in a time of confusion and crisis. The prohibitionists were the classic example of the effectiveness of a ruthless minority in terms of balance of power. But the Communists not only operate on the same principle but through the various front techniques which they have perfected.

An example is Eugene Connolly's resolution in the City Council urging a boycott against Britain. Other fellow travelers have been active in other phases of this new boycott movement, which is obviously directly beneficial to Soviet aggression and in conflict with the Marshall Plan, even though it may be supported by some extreme Zionists who are non-Communists.

The Communists through their fronts can support and inspire this and similar movements in a dozen different directions, which often have decisive political effects. It was only a miracle that they did not beat the draft by allying themselves with the isolationist, pacifist and economy groups. A similar alliance almost put over Taber's ruthless cuts in the E.R.P., and who can tell what the mutilation of E.R.P. and the defeat of the draft might have meant to America and the whole free world, especially in the light of events in Berlin? But the real point is that regardless of our opinion of the merits of such legislation, no one can dispute either its fateful importance or the uncertainty of its passage. This means that the Communists as agents of a foreign power are able to wield an influence on American politics out of all proportion to their *apparent* influence.

The whole Wallace third party movement would have been impossible without the nucleus of the Communist Party and its fronts.

When Mr. Forster argues, with Leon Henderson, that the Communists want the Mundt-Nixon Bill passed, it seems to me the burden of proof is on him, for all the known facts point in the opposite direction. The Communists have spent large sums of money and used all their skilful and dishonest front groups to oppose the bill. They have been successful in giving a false and damaging impression of the bill to a great section of the American people, as my article showed, and these tactics were successful in blocking action by the Senate.

By the same logic Mr. Forster might just as well argue that since the Communists are liars therefore when they say that they oppose the Marshall Plan that must mean that they really want it passed. So if we want to oppose the Communists, we should oppose the Marshall Plan!

CHRISTOPHER EMMET.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Stage

Howdy, Mr. Ice

SIX SEASONS of the Sonja Henie-Arthur M. Wirtz ice shows at Radio City's Center Theatre have unquestionably added something to the vocabulary of entertainment, if to little else. Borrowing generously from terms included in the program, I feel any responsible critic should summarize the business in this wise: if you are a devotee of professional *skatedom*—if you are, in short, a *skatomane,* you will want to attend the debut of the show's new *Prima Skaterina,* Eileen Seigh, who, with the *Premier Skateur,* Skippy Baxter, contributes a rather tiresome amount of the fancy work. There will be in addition, of course, an endless series of production numbers featuring large choruses of *skateuses.*

If, on the other hand, you should happen to be a member of the S.P.C.A., or sympathetic with the ideals of that organization, I suggest you will want to do something immediately about the unhappy skating Bear they have miserably sprawling around the Center's enormous rink.

On the third hand (I am indebted to Joseph Wood Krutch for this particular term), if you should be merely a member of the public looking for a cool evening in this city's usual summer, I do honestly concede that the affair is worth your attention. There is the sound of the play of fountains as you enter the lobby, your ticket buys a form-fitting, foam-rubber *fauteuil* in the air-conditioned house, and the prospect of watching a winter progress on a blistering day is not to be psychologically ignored. It is true, of course, that there is always very little plain winter displayed in the doings. I suppose one should be glad that we have this time escaped Jack Frost, although the substitution of an eager Santa Claus should be noted. It is apparent that at an *icecapade,* one should check one's logic with one's hat, since in this production it is a tropical Calypso affair which I think denotes the ensemble at its best. There is also an interesting Jazz offering—the music this year seems far more inherent—and while I don't think Miss Seigh has anything of the sweep and grace of Carol Lynne (Miss Lynne is now appearing at the Roxy), she is still something to see. Finally, there is Freddie Trenkler. In the Clown department, as this column has urged year after year, there is nothing more to be said. (*at the Center Theatre*) KAPPO PHELAN.

Books

The Case For De Gaulle. A Dialogue Between André Malraux and James Burnham. Random House. $1.50.

A DIALOGUE between the author of "Man's Fate" and "Days of Wrath" and the author of "The Managerial Revolution" and "The Struggle for the World" is bound to be interesting. Malraux and Burnham write not only extremely well but have a special gift of simplifying complicated problems in such a way that the principal trends and basic factors become clearly visible.

This small book gives at the same time more and less than its title promises. It gives more because it discusses a number of matters only loosely connected with "the case for De Gaulle," e.g. the possibilities of, and obstacles to, a European federation, the German problem (on these two subjects, Malraux and Burnham say a great deal in just a few pages), the foreign policy of the Soviet Union and the United States, the relationship between art and democracy. The book gives less than it promises because it presents "the case for De Gaulle" only in the most general outlines and fails almost completely to pay attention to "the case against De Gaulle."

When discussing the German problem, Malraux expresses undoubtedly the attitude of a great many Frenchmen, probably a substantial majority. There is nothing specifically "Gaullist" in his statement. When complaining that "there is no stability in the various governments that are thrown up by the changing parliamentary combinations," Burnham enunciates a truth which is recognized by many who are not Gaullists and disagree with De Gaulle not on the substance of the matter but on the question as to whether it is wise to open a constitutional crisis at this time.

In defending De Gaulle against his critics, Malraux states that the General is not anti-republican, fascist, or rightist. While doing this, however, he sneers at "parliamentarism" without saying what the Gaullists want to put in the place of parliamentarism. Granted that it is desirable and even necessary to strengthen the executive branch of government, it will still be necessary to safeguard the rights of the legislative branch. It is undoubtedly true that many of De Gaulle's supporters have come from the left, for instance Malraux himself, and that a number of leading Catholics and Christian Democrats who have come out in his favor, e.g. Stanislas Fumet, Edmond Michelet, Louis Terrenoire, come from the left rather than the right wing of French Catholicism. It is also obvious, however, that in the municipal elections the overwhelming majority of those who voted for De Gaulle were people traditionally identified with the right. It is fair to assume that these people hope De Gaulle will give them some kind of an authoritarian government which will wipe out Communism by strong arm methods. The other element in the Gaullist camp, which is numerically weaker but gives the movement its dynamic character, consists of men and women of the Resistance movement who are disgusted with the Fourth Republic because it falls so dreadfully short of the dreams which they had for the future of France when they were fighting the Nazis. By rallying to the man who was the leader and standard-bearer of the Resistance movement, they hope to win another chance of making their dreams come true. Yet their ideas on how this should be done seem to lack clarity and precision.

Many of those who oppose the French People's Party (RPF) have great respect for the General himself but point out that he is often influenced by advisers whom they view with suspicion. When you ask such critics whom they mean by those advisers, they will hardly ever mention Malraux, but almost always such men as Jacques Soustelle and Gaston Palewski. They will point out that the General, who has had little political training and experience, has repeatedly been shown to be under the influence of people who flatter him, and they express the fear that if he were to come to power, his insistence on "au-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thority," "power," etc., might easily be exploited for the establishment of a dictatorial or semi-dictatorial régime. De Gaulle himself and several of his lieutenants have hinted, for instance, that labor unions would be replaced by another kind of vocational organization, apparently under the auspices of the State.

In what is probably his most questionable statement in this book, James Burnham says: "Imagine that tomorrow in France the French Communist Party should disappear, or even be seriously weakened. The automatic political consequence would be a Gaullist assumption of power." Mr. Burnham does not substantiate this claim although he is certainly aware of the fact that anti-Communism has been the main strength of Gaullist propaganda, just as the "would-be dictator De Gaulle" has been the principal bogeyman in Communist propaganda. If Communism were to disappear in France, Gaullism would lose its principal argument and probably most of its strength.

Both participants in the dialogue show more interest in condemning the "Third Force" than in pointing out the positive aspects in the Gaullist movement. They fail, however, to give an adequate definition of the term, implying that those who wish to steer clear of both Communism and Gaullism in France, those who seek a "neutral" position between Russian Communism and "American imperialism," and those outside France, for instance in the United States, who refuse to believe that there is no other alternative than submission to Moscow or war with Russia are essentially in the same camp. Of the two manifestoes of French intellectuals printed in the Appendix to the book, the second is by no means characteristic of the policies of the Schuman Cabinet. Neither Prime Minister Schuman nor Foreign Minister Bidault subscribe to the thesis that Russia and America are equally dangerous for France.* Both of them used to be admirers of De Gaulle. But they do not accept his claim that France is lost unless he and his movement are put in control. Handing the government over to De Gaulle would be an act of blind faith. In the opinion of the General's followers, it would mean to entrust the salvation of France to a man who saved the country in one of the darkest hours of its past and stands far above ordinary suspicion. In the opinion of many others, however, it would be a surrender of democratic guarantees for the benefit of a man who may be great and well-meaning but who is not infallible and has been shown to be accessible to doubtful influences.

The many people in America as well as in France who do not favor the outlawing of the Communist Party do not necessarily, in Mr. Burnham's words, "consider it legitimate that Communism should exist as one of the political movements accepted within the framework of a democratic state," but believe that outlawing it is not the best way of defeating it.

Those whom Mr. Burnham refers to as the Third Force in America do not necessarily believe in a "semi-United Front with the Soviet Union, that is, with Communism." They do not accept, moreover, Mr. Burnham's claim that there can be or should be only two basic forces: (1) the Communists and those who are willing to yield to the Soviet Union on every point and to buy peace at any price; (2) those who have made up their minds that war with Russia is inevitable and that this country's foreign policy should be resolutely built on this assumption. It seems to me that a majority of people in this country are right in not accepting this alternative. They know that, unfortunately, a violent clash with the Soviet Union is possible and that it would be unrealistic not to be prepared for it. Many of them are convinced, on the other hand, that war is never inevitable as long as it has not broken out, that no political regime, not even that of Soviet Russia, is immutable and eternal, and that the force of liberty must not be counted only in terms of material and military strength but also in terms of the power of truth and justice embodied in them.

WILLIAM SOLZBACHER.

* See, on the contrary, a discussion of a French Socialist definition of the Third Force in "The Third Strike," page 272 of last week's COMMONWEAL (July 2).

Poets at Work. Rudolph Arnheim, W. H. Auden, Karl Shapiro, Donald A. Stauffer. Harcourt. $2.75.

THE ROUGH DRAFTS of contemporary poems which form the basis of the present volume were not collected without a struggle. Some poets were reluctant and some refused to hand over the evidence of their hesitations. In the poems which are discussed, followed from stage to stage here, we see a number of the poets of our time struggling either toward "The Meaning of the Discarded Poem"—the title of Karl Shapiro's essay—or toward a familiar published form which is probably, as Paul Valéry suggested, not inevitable and leaves room for mixed afterthoughts. Finally, the difficulties involved in plucking up a poem root and all, flower and all, when that poem is by a fellow-poet or contemporary, cast a kind of constraint over the essays of Mr. Stauffer and Mr. Shapiro. W. H. Auden, at the end, goes off and writes what is really a cautionary essay about the use and significance of the Lockwood Memorial Library.

A dozen years ago Librarian Charles D. Abbott conceived the idea of devoting this new library at the University of Buffalo entirely to recent American and British poetry. In his introduction Mr. Abbott tells how he has accumulated books, Little Magazines, and, particularly, three thousand sets of worksheets showing the genesis of poems. Donald A. Stauffer goes on to survey many of these worksheets toward an appeal for a genetic criticism. He finds that understanding of poems by R. P. Blackmur, Genevieve Taggard and Stephen Spender, among others, becomes surer and more fruitful after a study of first impulses, rejections and choices. "For the worksheets of one of Shakespeare's plays," he says toward the end, "I would trade half a dozen of his finished products—carefully selected, of course." Karl Shapiro's essay, nebulously psychological as to theory, shows much insight into the reasons for Spender's and William Carlos Williams's decisions at particular moments. Rudolph Arnheim's "Psychological Notes on the Poetic Process" is in no way vaguely poetical, and his study of the emerging metaphor makes the most interesting essay in the volume.

The Lockwood Collection represents, of course, more than the systematic study of modern poetry to which we have become accustomed. It sheds a broad everyday light around, if not on, the very act of creating modern poetry. We are forced to consider what can be learned and what might be lost in this general perusal of the poet's revisions, those larva forms of the poem which used to sleep peacefully, when not thrown out altogether, in such

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

places as the footnotes to Keats.

The advantages are immediate and appreciable. Three of these critiques serve to remind us that no poems are written by enchantment, that a poem kept seven years may turn out to be a poem. Inspiration doesn't mean much because a lot of that goes to waste. The important thing is what the poet does with his windfalls, how "chance flowers into choice." And in his truly constructive study Mr. Arnheim gives us to understand that the degrees by which poetic impulses move toward flowering resemble the steps of successful thinking as psychology understands it.

Except for the last one, there is nothing new in these truths. There is nothing novel in Mr. Stauffer's conclusion that "a drive toward impersonality and concreteness, away from sentiment and autobiography, is indeed one of the most significant and well-attested processes in poetic composition that this collection as a whole demonstrates." We have been told for some time, but we have been told as it were a priori, that the tendency of modern poetry is toward *deshumanización,* impersonality, steady complication away from the personal feeling of the poet. "Poets at Work" demonstrates, in a way, what is already known—but demonstrates it with a thoroughness and abundance of examples which should provide the investigators with material for meditation and the poets with moral support.

The possible misuses of a manuscript collection such as this are, like the advantages, obvious. A critical misuse could consist in going the way that modern poetry does not go, toward personality, sentiment, biography. Entangled in the dark, impulsive beginnings of the poem, a criticism could become too busy with the human, the merely curious, the extraneous. And a poetical misunderstanding might be to the effect that many people can, by following lines of procedure so clearly demonstrated, become poets. W. H. Auden in his contribution, "Squares and Oblongs," pulls his argument through two knotholes, the second even tighter than the first: (1) poetry is a game, and the test of aptitude is how much one enjoys playing it, and, (2) living is serious, and to "like doing good" is not a cause of good acts. I think that it would be easy to show that all poets do not write poetry for fun, and even easier to prove that many good acts are done for the pleasure of it; that, in short, Mr. Auden only shows the frailty of the familiar definition of poetry as amusement. He seems to realize this himself further along in his remarks and tries, uneasily and unclearly, to combine this definition with the other, more likely definition of poetry as "an act of knowing"; says that poetry is a "game of knowledge." Accepting provisionally the definition of poetry as play, we would like to know why it is that one man plays until he is ready to drop, producing intense poetry, while another, with equal or superior talent, contents himself with idle exhibitions of skill. Mr. Auden does not have enough sympathy for what he might call the ironic hero of poetry, the man who would but cannot. However, some of Mr. Auden's poetry argues louder than his careless criticism, and his part in "Poets at Work" has a desirable neutralizing effect. It testifies in its own way to that truth from Jung which Karl Shapiro uses as his epigraph: "Any reaction to stimulus may be causally explained; but the creative act, which is the absolute antithesis of mere reaction, will forever elude the human understanding."

All reserves made, "Poets at Work" and the collection behind it still present an impressive record of the conquests of the modern mind—as we may say more confidently after Mr. Arnheim's essay—working at high intensity. The mind he means and we mean is naturally no limited mechanism but uses, in its search for understanding and control, all the resources as it bears all the maladies of the organism. As Allen Tate has written durably, metaphorically,

The mind's a sick eagle taking flight.

It is a heartening thing to see in this book the modern mind so many times doubting, hesitating, turning upon its materials and upon itself, and yet, somehow, finally rising.

WARREN RAMSEY.

The Making of an Insurgent: An autobiography, 1882-1919. *Fiorello H. La Guardia. Lippincott.* $2.75.

THIS is evidently all that Fiorello La Guardia had time to tell of the story of his life. It closes with his return from a venturesome tour of duty as an aviator on the Italian Front. How interesting things might have been if he had been able to give his version of the struggle for New York City! That was the kind of scrap he enjoyed, and when Fiorello had a good time he could talk about it. But there is a plate full of a story in this book. It tells how the son of a U. S. Army man got into New York politics by the route of a tour of duty in the Consulate at Trieste. He learned much there about people and their ways, and about the tribulations which beset the would-be immigrant. Then came a Civil Service job at Ellis Island, assiduous study of the law, and a sort of wildcat attempt to be nominated for Congress.

Fiorello finally made it, much to the surprise of Party stalwarts and no doubt of himself, and embarked on a career as a liberal and energetic Representative which was soon enough headline news. He was now on the threshold of a remarkable career. Perhaps its most noticeable characteristic was the introduction into urban politics of a moral attitude alien to that which had hitherto prevailed. The average public servant then took it for granted that gravy went with daily bread. It was a system which a distinguished American historian once described as indirect payment by the public for government. La Guardia took a good look at the business and didn't like it. Indeed his aversion lasted throughout life and was no doubt upon occasion likely to transform suspicion into fact. But for all his cantankerousness and self-assurance he was an honest, a spirited and a forward-looking citizen. It is good to have at least a part of his appraisal of himself.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

Civil-Military Relationships in American Life. Edited by Jerome G. Kerwin. Chicago. $2.75.

THIS is a remarkable series of essays on a very timely subject. The material presented was originally delivered as lecturers for the Walgreen Foundation at the University of Chicago, and is edited by Jerome Kerwin, professor of political science at Chicago, and secretary of the Foundation. The contributors include Waldemar Kaempffert, science editor of the New York *Times,* Dixon Wecter, of Huntington Library, Hanson Baldwin, military editor of the *Times,* Paul Appleby, of Syracuse University, T. V. Smith, Quincy Wright, and Charles E. Merriam, all of the University of Chicago, and Adlai Stevenson, of the U. S. United Nations Delegation. Their

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

subject concerns various aspects of the military influence on civilian life and history, and the relationships between the civil and the military in our own national life, in our conquered and dependent areas, and in the United Nations.

The book is highly readable, and extremely informative. Since the material is very compact, one can expect, and receive, a good deal of information on various items in a relatively short amount of space. Much of this volume should remove a great amount of the bugaboos of prejudice and distrust of the military that habitually form in the American mind. Some of this volume will be challenging—Mr. Baldwin's case against the proposed new military establishment is impressive but not convincing, and Mr. Appleby's consideration of the department of national defense is firmly done. All in all, any American who is considering what must inevitably become his new rôle in an increasingly civilian-military state would do well to think over these ideas.

T. E. CASSIDY.

The Good Pagan's Failure. Rosalind Murray. Longmans. $2.75.

IN THIS little book, first published about ten years ago, Miss Murray, the daughter of Gilbert Murray and a Catholic convert, takes as her epigraph St. Augustine on the two cities: "One, whose end is eternal peace . . . the other, whose joy is temporal peace." The attempt to establish the latter has been the good pagan's, and the evidence of his success is the condition of the modern world. The good pagan is the secular-minded liberal who assumes that man's happiness is of his own making and who subscribes to the Christian ethic so far as it can be "rationally" justified. His general practice has been moderation, which in the end has depended on his notion of his honor as a member of a self-generated élite. Now the existence of this élite is threatened—indeed, doomed—by a process of barbarization carried out by the proletariat the good pagan himself has created; he and his world will be annihilated because neither observed the hierarchic principle derived from the belief in God and the attendant radical imperfection of human nature.

What Miss Murray calls the totalitarian Christian has the answer to the good pagan's dilemma, but since this answer calls for a re-direction of the will and along with it a system of values fundamentally alien to the good pagan's, he cannot avail himself of the answer except by becoming a totalitarian Christian. The process of barbarization cannot be halted by a "united front" between Christians and high-minded pagans because they have a common ground only in the brief interval in which they pass each other while going in different directions. But, argues Miss Murray, if it can be shown to the good pagan that his progress toward barbarism is implicit in a world-picture which excludes God, he may turn around to make the surrender of the will by which alone the potentialities of his nature for good can be fully realized.

Miss Murray's book is written in that lucid and unpretending style which seems the especial gift of the English, whether in letters to the *Times* or in memoirs of persons otherwise non-literary. It makes plain that what is not theocentric of necessity moves toward the void and that each man's central problem is achieving his given degree of sanctity, always greater than he assumes.

GEOFFREY STONE.

B. ALTMAN & CO.
FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

ALTMAN

GIFT CERTIFICATES

Altman Gift Certificates are suitable for any and all occasions . . . with a Gift Certificate the recipient may purchase just what he wants from our eight floors, our complete assortments of fine merchandise. Issued in any amount, Certificates may be charged to your account, are easily obtainable at our convenient desk near the escalators. main floor

. . . and at East Orange,

White Plains and Manhasset

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Divorce Won't Help, Edmund Bergler. Harper. $3.00.

DOCTOR Bergler has made a valuable contribution to the body of material available to the marriage counselor. The title phrase, "Divorce Won't Help," applies only to neurotics, according to the author, and is not to be misunderstood as implying either that all persons who get divorced are neurotic or that divorce is never the answer to a marital mess. Later in the book, however, he states that "divorce is, *in general,* (italics his) a neurotic procedure of neurotic people." He makes a strong case for monogamy purely in terms of psychiatry, and rebuffs those who would reject it merely because it is "endorsed by official authority." The discriminating reader who happens to believe in such things as sin and personal guilt can step around such of Bergler's Freudianism as is inconsonant with Catholicism without losing either the merit of Bergler's psychiatric conclusions or the reader's faith.

Doctor Bergler restates the 14 types of neurotic marriages which he has previously set forth in his "Unhappy Marriage and Divorce." He also enumerates eight "symptoms or signs of being in love." "Sentimental behavior" is one of the eight give-away signs with which most of us are familiar. "Overvaluation of the loved object" and "undervaluation of reality" are two, the validity of which chivalry might make one try to dispute. The handiest itemization in the book is what he calls a "simple yardstick for recognizing neurosis." It is "the lack of ability to work, to love (tenderly and with normal potency retained), to have normal social contacts and interests, to enjoy one's hobbies." The author says that as long as there is relative contentment on that quadrangular score there is no reason to become alarmed. But alarmed he is at the fact that the 1946 all-time high of 620,000 U. S. divorces topped 1945's 502,000 (also an all-time high). He sees the need for marriage clinics with psychiatrically trained personnel. He ends on a note of hope that such clinics will some day be established. Altogether, "Divorce Won't Help" is a good treatment of a vital problem which can be read profitably by anyone who has a personal or professional connection with marriage.

DANIEL F. CLEARY.

The Berkshires: The Purple Hills. Edited by Roderick Peattie. Vanguard. $5.00.

PURPLE hills they may be to some but my memory lingers in the green quiescence of their valleys. Remarkable too about the region is the atmosphere of intelligent well-being enclosing its shady towns and the distinguished names they cherish: Jonathan Edwards, the Sedgwicks, Harriet Martineau, Fanny Kemble, Hawthorne, Bryant, Herman Melville, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Edith Wharton, Charles Eliot Norton, Daniel Chester French, Joseph Choate—no exotic, starving genius among them, but men and women recognized both in the world of art and the best society.

The present volume is redolent of those sane, comfortable, spacious homes of Lenox and Stockbridge without modernistic slur or ostentation—simply solid. Each of the writers invited by Mr. Peattie to contribute to this latest volume of the American Mountain Series has cooperated in the mutual benefit of the proceedings to sell his or her special interest in the Berkshires to the visiting public. Walter Pritchard Eaton, who spent a night on his wedding trip in the Berkshires and went no further, has already written three books about them but adds a resumé of their history; A. Kenneth Simpson takes over the flora; George J. Wallace, the birds; Williams S. Annin, the natives; Theodore Giddings, in the most illuminating chapter, the fishing; while Margaret French Cresson and Bartlett Hendricks respectively boom the Music Festival, the Playhouse and the skiing. There are also some Indian legends—but who in the world ever reads one?

I recall an old lady in Lenox who, every day in the week, had beside her heavily silver-laden tea table two immense freshly baked layer cakes—one light, one dark—under vast white silk fringed covers like lampshades with a dispensing footman. Her generation with their big estates and hot houses and Italian gardens are now as much ancient history as the Shakers who, for some poor reason, are ignored by Mr. Peattie. Mrs. Cresson is justly proud of the success of the Music Festival and the Music Center and doesn't seem apprehensive that the inundation of the crowds may threaten the peace of the green valleys. This rather portly volume with its pleasant photographs is obviously designed for tourist trade this summer. It seems expensive for $5.00.

E. V. R. WYATT.

Westward Ha! S. J. Perelman. S & S. $2.95.
Fielding's New Travel Guide to Europe. Temple Fielding. Wm. Sloane. $4.00.

IT MAY NOT have been the intention of either of these authors, to comfort those left on the docks far, far from the maddening tourists. Either is lush lure to getting about the world and in and out of Europe, and both take you everywhere and back again without moving from your own lamp and chair. They work hard at being funny, but neither of them sweat at it, and both are knowledgable getters-about, missing no bars and always, I take it, tipping just a bit over the right tips. Neither are pilgrims; which is one reason for traveling. Both carry such a luggage of American psychology, New Yorker psychology, that they arrive home intact, PHD in valutas, night clubs, bargains, and better food and better drinks. Neither are innocents abroad, and both give the money's worth to readers who do not mind inoculations for all known diseases, queuing up for passports and visas, and spending their money lavishly to see the world and date their letters variously; and also to those who do, and are content with the mind's eye on the universe in the clammy summer of 1948.

Lombard Jones provides delightful line drawings to Mr. Fielding's compendium of current information about all of western Europe except Germany. Hirschfield contributes to "Westward Ha" such illustrations as never were on post card or travel poster. ERNESTINE EVANS.

Our Living Forests. Joseph T. Hazard. Superior Publishing Co. Seattle. $4.00.

THE WRITER of this book is a real woodsman, so full of his subject and with so much to tell that the narrative seems rambling and discursive. The reader begins with the ancient Vikings and their early travels to America and ends with an interesting discussion of the operations of a modern plywood mill. The author has taught forestry at the University of Washington and most of the book quite naturally is about the forests of the great Northwest. As an alumnus of the same uni-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

versity I share his feeling for the great forests of that region. But his book is not quite what the publishers jacket says it is. One is led to believe that Mr. Hazard is going to tell us thrilling stories of his adventures in the woods. Actually, the adventures are little more than one might encounter on any classroom field trip.

With all the discussion that went on before the war regarding our diminishing timber reserves, it is surprising to find that a forest expert can write a four dollar book without discussing this important matter, really the most vital factor in any discussion of the forest and lumber industries. Far from being alarmed at the diminishing forests he states flatly that nature takes care of the matter by reseeding automatically all but two percent of the trees cut down. He agrees that man should replant this two percent and a little more just for a safety margin. Nowhere does he mention that we are still cutting down twice as many trees as are being replaced, either by nature or by man. It may be that my inability to understand his arithmetic is due to the rather airy fashion in which he dismisses whole generations of time, pointing out that much commercial lumber can be regrown in sixty years' time and that at the worst we might be a little short of lumber for a generation or two. Those who are alarmed at our diminishing forests will find no comfort in Mr. Hazard's book.

One of the most interesting sections of the book is devoted to a discussion of lumbering methods, from the use of oxen to the modern "cats." He notes the terrific waste of some of the older lumbering methods but I fear gives too optimistic an impression of the care taken by modern companies to preserve our timber resources.

Another interesting portion of his book is devoted to the discussion of the school timber reserves of the Northwest. By careful planning of sustained yield the school systems of many Washington State townships are insured a permanent income, often of large size, through their ownership of valuable timber land.

In spite of the book's merits, many a reader will distrust Mr. Hazard's breezy optimism about our inexhaustible timber resources. WALTER J. MARX.

The Disruption of American Democracy. Roy Franklin Nichols. Macmillan. $7.50.

WHY was it necessary for northern soldiers to kill 250,000 southern soldiers during the period from 1861 to 1865? Why did southerners kill 350,000 northerners during the same interval? On account of states' rights? Perhaps not one soldier in fifty had even heard of the issue. On account of slavery? After the war was well started we know that Lincoln said that he would be willing that all the slaves remain in slavery indefinitely if the Union could be preserved. Why, then, was the disgraceful Civil War fought?

That is the question that Dr. Nichols attempts to answer in this 612 page book. The period covered is actually only Buchanan's administration, 1857-1861. The author is not a fatalist, so far as war is concerned, at least, and argues effectively that the Civil War can be called an "irrepressible" conflict only because national leaders were so immersed in politics that they failed to understand national problems "and their failure brought them their own destruction and that of the Union."

Great stress is placed upon the disintegration affecting the Democratic Party in 1856. The author believes that

World domination
— a recurrent dream

TOTAL POWER
A FOOTNOTE TO HISTORY
by Edmund A. Walsh

▲ The Vice-President of Georgetown University and America's foremost geopolitician describes the anatomy of power in this provocative book. He offers a shrewd and startling analysis of a drive which has gone on for centuries—which almost succeeded in Germany—may yet succeed in modern Russia . . . required reading for anyone interested in understanding America's role in the atomic age.

▲ "Father Walsh comes to his task equipped with a splendid literary talent and a marked facility for clearly intelligible presentation . . . attractive and enlightening reading."
—Robert L. Hoggson, S.J., Best Sellers.

▲ "The scholarly work, dealing with often profound but always vitally practical matter in clear-cut language for the layman, is more than a match for totalitarian 'thinkers'." —Washington Star.

▲ "A footnote that, like other celebrated footnotes, may prove in the end to be more important than the chapter to which it is appended."
—Robert A. Graham, America.

Wherever books are sold, $5.00 **DOUBLEDAY**

*Sister Mary Paul, O.S.B. says,
"PROMPT DELIVERY & EXCELLENT TITLES"
"—most courteous and personalized service I've ever received!" Now, not claims, but PROOF of quick courteous service PLUS more for your book dollar! Parishes, Libraries, and Schools everywhere are taking advantage of our AMAZING selection of approved Catholic books. Save time and money by ordering from the originators of the Gardiner List. Order NOW for fullest selection. Books shipped same day order received. FREE Catalog and discount list upon request. Write TODAY!
* Librarian of St. Scholastica, Chicago, Ill.

CONNELL-KEELIN BOOKS, Inc.
Room 710C, 39 W. Adams St., Chicago 3, Ill.

ANNHURST COLLEGE
SOUTH WOODSTOCK, CONNECTICUT
Accredited College Conducted by the Daughters of the Holy Ghost
Liberal Arts College for Women. Courses: Language and Literature; Natural and Social Sciences; Pre-Medical; Preparation for Social Service; Teacher Training for High School. Majors: English, French, Spanish, Latin; Biology, Chemistry, Mathematics; History, Sociology. Unusual opportunities in French.
Address: Office of The Dean, Box 569, Putnam, Conn.

IMMACULATA JUNIOR COLLEGE
Washington, D. C.
An accredited Catholic Institution for Women. Sisters of Providence of St. Mary-of-the-Woods. Resident and Day Students. 2 year transfer course in Liberal Arts. Terminal courses in Home Crafts, Secretarial Science, General, Fine Arts.
SEMINARY—Four Year College Preparatory.
Dunblane Hall—Grades 1 to 8. Address: The Secretary.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Next Week—

Graham Greene
Evelyn Waugh

FELIX CULPA? by Evelyn Waugh, provides a brilliant analysis of Graham Greene's first serious novel in eight years and of Greene as a literary artist. He relates "The Heart of the Matter," to be published July 12, to "Brighton Rock." For one thing, Evelyn Waugh partly explains Greene's "preoccupation with the charmless": "The children of Adam are not a race of noble savages who need only a divine spark to perfect them. They are aboriginally corrupt. Their tiny relative advantages of intelligence and taste and good looks and good manners are quite insignificant. The compassion and condescension of the Word becoming flesh are glorified in the depths . . ."

WAUGH OUT WEST: J. F. Powers in his turn also examines a current novel and its celebrated author, "The Loved One" having just been published. Here is one of his penetrating remarks: "Some critics who want everything have wanted to deprive Mr. Waugh of his snobbery but they would separate a beggar from his bowl. It is the very thing out of which his books have come and, I think, not much of a price to pay for them. I hope no one manages to convince him that he cannot save his soul without changing his published point of view. . . ."

Also pungent comment on the latest developments in politics, the labor movement, the stage, and on a number of current books.

------12 Issues for $1------

SUMMER SUBSCRIPTION OFFER FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS

THE COMMONWEAL,
386 Fourth Ave.,
New York 16, N. Y.

For the enclosed $1 send me the next 12 issues of
THE COMMONWEAL

Name .....

Street .....

City 7/9/48

the Democrats were responsible for the war in this sense that they failed to live up to the demands of the hour. By self-inflicted divisions the Democrats weakened themselves under Buchanan and made possible the election of a minority choice president in 1860. A very critical but not necessarily unsympathetic picture of Buchanan is presented, and in great detail. His advisers also receive much attention. It is doubtful if any other volume gives a more comprehensive picture of the disastrous Democratic convention in Charleston, in 1860. The utter unwillingness of southern leaders to accept the outcome of the legally fair election of 1860 is made crystal clear, together with their reasons. In the final analysis, according to Professor Nichols, emotion was the deciding factor which drove the south to make the decision it did. The notes, bibliography, and index help to make this one of the best books ever written in American history.

PAUL KINIERY.

Pilgrim's Inn. Elizabeth Goudge. Coward. $3.00.

ELIZABETH GOUDGE follows the same formula in her new novel, "Pilgrim's Inn," a Literary Guild selection, that she used so successfully in her "Green Dolphin Street." In a richly romantic setting she creates extremely interesting and diversified characters engaged in working out the universal problem of finding happiness in marriage already consummated or to be contracted. She shows her mature wisdom as a novelist in writing only about people who are well worth knowing, and her setting casts its magic spell upon the reader as well as upon the characters in the novel.

Although a little too fond of long descriptions, Miss Goudge is good at producing atmosphere. All her characters—Sally and David, Nadine and George, Jim Maloney and Annie Laurie, Lady Eliot and the irrepressible twins—are very much alive and stand out clearly and sharply as individuals. She develops her plot adroitly by simply letting the characters act upon and influence one another.

The style is somewhat unequal—at times exquisitely beautiful, at times diffuse and pedestrian. The flow of the story is slow, but it is deep and smooth.

BONAVENTURE SCHWINN.

CONTRIBUTORS

LeGarde S. DOUGHTY is a southern poet, essayist and critic, who has been contributing to THE COMMONWEAL for the past fifteen years.

Rev. H. A. REINHOLD, one of the founders of the international Apostolate of the Sea, and now one of the leaders of the liturgical movement in this country, is the compiler of "The Soul Afire," a book of mystical writings.

William SOLZBACHER is associate editor of the Catholic Intercontinental Press.

Warren RAMSEY, author and critic, teaches at Yale University.

George N. SHUSTER is President of Hunter College in the City of New York.

T. E. CASSIDY teaches at the University of Notre Dame.

Geoffrey STONE is a poet and critic.

Daniel F. CLEARY is a resident of Washington, D. C.

E. V. R. WYATT is drama critic of the *Catholic World.*

Ernestine EVANS reviews books for the N. Y. *Herald Tribune* book section.

Walter J. MARX is an economist and author residing in Churchton, Md.

Paul KINIERY teaches at Loyola University in Chicago.

Rev. Bonaventure SCHWINN, O.S.B., is Vice-President of St. Scholastica's College, Atchinson, Kansas.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED